

the following extract from the next issue of that paper:

"In a previous issue we mentioned a visit at Mr. Bell's, in Tekonsha township, to witness the shearing of a few of his sheep. We then gave the result of those we saw sheared, but we agreed, in company with others, to be present at the weighing of the several fleeces on day fixed. He commenced shearing on Tuesday, April 6, and closed up on Saturday, April 10. On Wednesday, April 14, with Messrs. Robinson, J. R. Dickey, Fred Hall and Tant Grinnell, we made the promised visit. The weighing was done upon a platform scale from the Buffalo Scale Works. Mr. Dickey acted as weighmaster, the fleeces were handled by Mr. Hall, and the record was made by Mr. Aldrich."

Oh, guileless gentlemen! The fleeces were shorn and put up four days before your arrival. Mr. Bell told you which was which, and you weighed them out in good faith and recorded them, giving your indorsement to statements of whose truth you in reality knew nothing! And then to go and "give the snap away" in this guileless fashion is really too good. Four days to "arrange" the fleeces for weighing! It will be the beginning of wisdom in the sheep business if the editor of the *Republican* will be on hand one year from the date Mr. Bell's ram was shorn, see him again sheared, and publish the record—if he can get it.

For the Michigan Farmer.

SHALL THE SHORTHORN COW BE BREED FOR DAIRY OR BEEF.

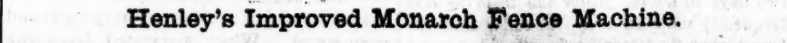
This is the question before us, and a question often asked, and frequently discussed among breeders of Shorthorns and the patrons of our bulls. This is an important question to us, and one that should be freely talked up, for we are near a new era in breeding and feeding. The range question is to be settled in the near future, and the feeding of large numbers of cattle at one place tried, and a failure or a success will revolutionize the feeding of cattle in America, and if so the breeding. It is nearly the time when we will have to settle what we are to breed, for with these feeding and breeding establishments in the west, the question comes to us forcibly, what shall we breed? For Dairy or Beef? The first thing to be considered is what place is the cow to fill. If it be to breed steers for the range, and feed the millions with beef, and supply the land with stockers and stillers, then breed for beef.

It cannot be necessary the Shorthorn be bred for beef, the percentage of beef used by farmers is not great; pork, then beef, after that mutton, etc., though we are heavy sellers of beef. The number of cattle kept for beef is not as great as is needed for dairying. The beef animal can be kept on rough ranges that are not good for farming. So with our high-priced lands we cannot compete in the raising of beef as well as we can in dairying; we need something that will make quicker returns than beef. We wait two to four years for beef; dairy products can be marketed every month or eight months at longest. Quite the reverse with the beef animal; when she ceases to breed calves she becomes a burden by consuming much with little returns for keep. J. Lessiter's Princess cow had not produced a calf in nearly four years; at \$28 per year she would cost \$112, and if sold at \$5.50 per hundred, weighing 1,470 lbs., had cost in keep more than twice her worth as beef. Had she been bred and used as a dairy cow, she would have given milk enough to have lifted the burden of her keep, but she was a beef bred Shorthorn and was taking one of those rests the beef Shorthorn is prone to when found not to be in calf, but the real English for it is, a time to consume food without giving any returns. At the same time two Young Mary cows sold for \$4.75 per hundred and weighed 1,460 lbs., or \$69.35. Since these cows have borne calves they have cost double their value for beef in keep; it happened all in a time they were taking a rest. I could quote many more but I think it is enough to make a point that cows should be bred for the dairy.

One more instance: At Gilmore, Neb., an establishment is constructed at a cost of \$75,000, which is 300 feet wide, 800 feet long, has 3,750 separate stalls, and it is the design to feed three sets of cattle each year, or 11,250 head. It is thought this plan will be adopted by all the large cattle owners upon the plains; and other establishments are under way at Blair, Neb., and arrangements for one at Grand Island and one at Florence are being made. With such competition, what can we do at raising beef and turning our farms to raising beef Shorthorns and not dairy?

There has been too much of this breeding for beef done already, for go where you will you will meet a yellow large headed and paunched thing, or a white-and-black, sometimes a blue grey, long backed, flat ribbed, large paunched, hooked legged individual at the head of the herd, with a fine Shorthorn standing idle in a neighbor's barn unused. When the question is asked "Why don't you patronize the Shorthorn?" the answer is: "Oh, the Shorthorn has been spoiled for dairy purposes; they are breeding them for beef and we want dairy cattle."

So how far they will drive to a dairy



to the margarine factories for something to grease our bread (which brooms in Detroit. A NEW BEGINNER.

It is said there are 13,000,000 cows in

the calves suck the milk and dry cows eat the meal and yield no certain re-

The broom-makers in Detroit are Geo

SHEEP SHEARINGS.

At St. John, Clinton County.

The third annual shearing of the Clinton County Wool-Growers' Association was held at St. John, Friday, April 23. The day was all that could be wished for, and by nine o'clock quite a crowd had assembled, which was increased largely after dinner. The exhibitors present, with the sheep shown by them, were as follows: J. W. Besley, of Greenbush, showed 13 head, seven rams and five ewes. R. J. Caruss, of Ovid, showed nine head, two rams and seven ewes. Caruss Brothers showed one ram. W. I. Caruss, of Greenbush, showed five head, two rams and three ewes. E. DeCamp, of Ovid, showed five head, one ram and four ewes. A. H. Warren, of Ovid, showed four head, one ram and three ewes. Wm. Byrnes, of Bengali, showed two rams. Chas. Walters, of Riley, showed three head, two rams and one ewe. Theron Shaver, of Ovid, showed two rams and three head of grades. B. Osborn, of Greenbush, showed one ram and five head of grades. Bross & Manning, of Bingham, showed one ram.

E DeCamp.....	Owner.....	do	E DeCamp 156.....	C H Mack 5.....	156	1	5	4	89%	885	23%	4	5	4	3	9	04%
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The shearing was held in the sheds, the sheep occupying the regular show pens.

E. S. Sprague had the ram Charley	The record of the shearing is as follows:	Labels	Wool	Car	Days	Wool	Flies

RJ Brown.....	Owner.....	40	1	80%	bull	402	2%	14	12%	J Gamble	166	1	62	11	14%
RJ Brown.....	Owner.....	48	1	57	off	402	3%	11	14%	J Gamble	170	1	59	12	14
										J Gamble	176	1	67	14	13

Flynn Brothers.....	5	112 $\frac{3}{4}$	42	15	04
Flynn Brothers.....	5	101 $\frac{1}{4}$	82	15	04

Manufactured by M. C. Henley, the well known manufacturer of Richmond, Ind., the advertisements of which have appeared from time to time in the columns of this paper, has proved a great success, and is now recognised as a leading fence machine on the market. It has won its way into popular favor on its superior merits as a thoroughly practical, durable machine. It has fully solved the problem which has hitherto interested all inventors, and the question of vital importance to farmers and land owners, namely, to make a strong, durable, substantial fence.

(Continued on eighth page.)

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ever we cannot be responsible for the money.

The Michigan Farmer
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

DETROIT, TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1886.

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 38,105 bu., against 22,043 bu. the previous week and 53,642 bu. for corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 48,212 bu. against 115,881 the previous week, and 184,510 bu. the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 1,035,878 bu., against 1,597,992 last week and 987,274 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on April 24 was 44,540,660 bu., against 45,808,488 the previous week, and 40,451,148 bu. at corresponding date in 1885. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 1,258,538 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending April 24 were 718,001 bu., against 1,329,638 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 5,362,017 bu. against 4,835,187 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1885.

The past week has been fairly active in a speculative way in this market, but sales of spot have been very moderate. Fluctuations have been within narrow limits, and the week closed with values rather lower than on the previous Saturday. Yesterday this market opened strong and a little higher than at the close of the week, but gradually it fell away until at the close there was a net loss of 2 1/2 cts on Saturday's last figures on both spot and futures. Chicago also weakened during the day, and closed lower than on Saturday. The New York market opened firm on war rumors from Europe, but dealers must have concluded that Greece was not big enough to make much trouble even if she did fight, for the market fell off before the close, the last sales being lower than Saturday's figures. Liverpool was firm with a fair demand, and London was firmer.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from April 15th to May 3rd.

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Apr 15	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 16	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 17	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 18	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 19	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 20	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 21	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 22	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 23	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 24	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 25	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 26	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 27	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 28	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 29	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 30	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
May 1	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 2	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2
" 3	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 futures each day of the past week for the various deals:

	May	June	July	August
Tuesday	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2
Wednesday	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2
Thursday	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2
Friday	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2
Saturday	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2
Sunday	84 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:

	May	June	July	August
Tuesday	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2
Wednesday	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2
Thursday	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2
Friday	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2
Saturday	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2
Sunday	83 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2

Nothing has occurred the past week to disturb the quiet tone of the market. The weather has not all that could be asked for so far as the greater part of this State is concerned, and reports from other States are generally of the same tenor. We have had some war rumors in regard to the belligerent position of Greece, but they have been mild. The market has had to rely for its support upon an improved export demand, a stronger tone in the markets abroad, and the steady decrease in the "visible supply." If business in other lines were active, the masses generally at work and capital seeking profitable investment, it seems evident that values would rule much stronger, if they would not appreciate to some extent. But the contrary is the case. Strikes, lock-outs, boycotts, and kindred troubles have scared out capitalists, and every one with a few dollars that he has no need for at present prefers hoarding it up to taking the chances of investing it at present. With everything apparently favorable, we have the anomaly of prostrate industries and thousands of idle workmen. No matter what the termination, or which side is victorious, the loss to the country at large will be enormous, and values of all staples, whether of manufactured goods or agricultural products, are suffering in consequence.

Abroad, the outlook for the growing crop is fairly good in Great Britain, France and Russia, and not up to the average in Germany.

The East Indian harvest is now in progress, and Bombay advises state that heavy rains have fallen in the interior, probably interfering with the harvest, and causing holders to be very firm.

The receipts of home and foreign grown wheat in the United Kingdom for the week ending April 24 were 250,000 quarters (eight bushels to the quarter) less than the estimated consump-

tion. For the eight weeks previous it was 638,495 quarters less than the estimated consumption. Quotations at Liverpool Saturday for American wheat were as follows, per cental: Winter, 7s. 6d. @ 7s. 2d.; spring 7s. 1d. @ 7s. 5d.; club, 7s. 2d., market closing steady.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week amounted to 47,990 bu., against 33,995 bu. the previous week, and 21,743 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments were 43,230 bu., against 24,984 bu. the previous week, and 43,779 bu. for the same week last year. The visible supply in this market on April 24 amounted to 13,888,611 bu., against 15,285,036 bu. the previous week, and 9,121,508 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply of this grain on April 24 amounted to 1,635,415 bu., against 1,943,881 bu. the previous week, and 1,438,985 bu. for the past eight weeks 13,409,865 bu., against 13,999,760 bu. for the corresponding period in 1885. The stocks now held in this city amount to 60,701 bu., against 56,238 bu. last week and 47,789 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. Corn has declined the past week in all domestic markets, principally from large receipts and the heavy stocks. The export demand is good, and slightly in excess of last season. Quotations here are 57 1/2 cts. for No. 2, 3 1/4 cts. for new mixed, and rejected at 34 1/2 cts. Very little speculative dealing is apparent in this market. At Chicago there has also been a slight decline, with a steady tone since the decline. No. 2 is quoted at 34 1/2 cts., No. 2 yellow at 34 1/2 cts., and 35c for No. 2. In futures, No. 2 for May delivery is quoted at 35 1/2 cts., June at 36 1/2 cts., July at 38c, and August at 39 1/2 cts. It is stated that the area planted to corn in Kansas this year will be very large, owing to the failure of winter wheat. A report from Paris says that after a long debate the Customs Committee of the French chamber of deputies has voted, by a majority of 16, in favor of a duty on foreign maize. This article, now admitted duty-free, will, if the chamber adopts the recommendation of the committee, be taxed 5 francs per 100 kilos, or quintal, or about 14 1/2 cts. a bushel, which will, of course, be practically a prohibitory tax.

The Liverpool market is reported as firm with a fair demand. Quotations there are 4s. 4d. per cental for new mixed spot, 4s. 3d. for April, and 4s. 2 1/2 d. for May and June deliveries.

OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 41,885 bu., against 21,150 bu. the previous week, and 33,863 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments were 26,845 bu. against 18,983 bu. the previous week, and 8,989 bu. for the same week last year. The visible supply of this grain on April 24 was 1,649,586 bu., against 1,701,983 bu. the previous week, and 2,395,689 bu. April 23, 1885. The exports for Europe the past week were 72,633 bu., and for the last eight weeks were 434,338 bu., against 1,304,054 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1885. The visible supply shows a decrease of 141,997 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 33,841 bu., against 30,830 bu. the previous week, and 50,076 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. Oats are lower and quiet. No. 3 white are quoted at 35 1/2 cts. No. 2 mixed at 32 1/2 cts., and light mixed would probably bring 32 1/2 cts. At Chicago values are steady with a quiet market. Quotations there are 29c for spot No. 2 mixed western, and by sample at 29 1/2 cts. No. 2 white at 29 1/2 cts., 34 1/2 cts. for No. 2 white, and No. 1 white at 39c. In futures, No. 2 mixed western for May delivery are quoted at 29 1/2 cts., June at 29 1/2 cts., and July at 29 1/2 cts. The New York market is fairly active for spot oats, with prices a little lower, especially for future delivery. No. 3 white are quoted there at 34 1/2 cts., No. 2 white at 41 1/2 cts., No. 2 mixed at 39 1/2 cts. White varieties are relatively the firmest, the supply being light.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The market is steadying again after the demoralization early in the past week, but values have not improved to any appreciable extent. There is a firmer feeling in other markets, and under somewhat smaller receipts of good table butter there is a good request at current prices. Creamery is now quoted at 19 1/2 cts. per lb. for good to choice, dairy butter at 14 1/2 cts. for choice, 16c for extra fine packages of late made, 10c 1/2 cts. for ordinary to good, and 5c 1/2 cts. for grease. Butterine is selling at 12 1/2 cts. per lb., and is not doing well at 12 1/2 cts. per lb. at present prices. At Chicago the market has fallen off very decidedly, but appears to be bracing up again, and is quoted steady and active. Quotations are 19 1/2 cts. for fancy selections of creamery, 15 1/2 cts. for Iowa, Wisconsin and other gathered creameries, 14 1/2 cts. for choice to fair, 10 1/2 cts. for roll, and 6c for packing stock. Dealers are buying liberally, as prices are now believed to have touched bottom, and are not unlikely to move upwards if they move at all. The New York market is in much the same condition as Chicago. Prices have declined since our last report, have steadied under improved conditions of the trade, and are now quoted firm at a slight advance from the lowest points reached. Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

Creamery, fancy	22 1/2
Creamery, choice	22
Creamery, prime	20
Creamery, good	18 1/2
Creamery, ordinary	15 1/2
State butter, fancy	15 1/2
State butter, choice	15
State butter, prime	14 1/2
State butter, good	14
State butter, ordinary	13 1/2
State butter, grease	12 1/2
State butter, lard	12
State butter, tallow	11 1/2
State butter, waste	11
State butter, refuse	10 1/2
State butter, trash	10
State butter, refuse	10
State butter, trash	10

Western factory, fancy fresh, 18 1/2 cts. Western factory, fair to good, 18 cts. Western factory, ordinary, 17 1/2 cts. Grease, 14 cts.

each season, and will undoubtedly try it again. But with tariff and labor agitation settled, there would be a reaction that all the dealers in the country could not prevent.

Michigan X wools have sold down to 28 1/2 cts. in Boston, and Michigan delaine at 30 1/2 cts., Ohio XX is quoted at 32 1/2 cts., Ohio X at 30 1/2 cts., Ohio No. 1 at 34 1/2 cts., Michigan No. 1 at 33c, and fine Ohio delaine at 33 1/2 cts.

The Philadelphia Record of Friday says of that market:

"Holders are anxious to realize, but find few opportunities to do so except at ruinous concessions. The causes of the present depression have been so frequently explained in this column that further comment is unnecessary. There seems to be little prospect of any change for the better while the labor and tariff uncertainties continue, as at present, to disturb confidence. The new clip of the subject of a good deal of trade correspondence and stock market activity, and the personal attention in the primary market, but as yet it is too early to forecast the probable course of values. Growers' views, so far as known, are higher than a year ago, but interior buyers, acting on advice from seaboard markets, are generally talking nothing higher than the opening rates of last season."

CHEESE.

The market at this point holds its own in the face of unfavorable reports from other points. Prices here are unchanged. Michigan full cream being quoted at 11 1/2 cts., New York at 12 1/2 cts., and Ohio at 10 1/2 cts. Skims are sold at 5 1/2 cts. The Chicago market got firmer toward the close of the week, and prices are a little lower than a week ago. October full cream cheddars are quoted there at 11c, fine new Young America (a small full cream cheese which can be retailed without cutting) at 11 1/2 cts., two in a box, at 11c, choice skims at 5 1/2 cts., and common at 1 1/2 cts. The New York market is dull and easy, with prices at about the same as a week ago but the trade not so strong. Dealers are pushing old stock at every opportunity so as to get it out of the way, and have had to concede more or less to effect sales. The Daily Bulletin says of the market:

"Business in a general way continues slow and the undertone of the market easy. In the market of fancy old stock no sale to shippers can be learned of through operations here under the tryer, but some 900 boxes additional have been placed on direct cable contract and the lower grades sold in small lots. They will bring, together with the consignments, are likely to reduce stock to a considerable extent this week. On home account trading is also light and we commence to find the irregularity of the rates mentioned, with a general tendency to reduce the range. Indeed, some holders claim to be offering the best there is on the market at 10c and not selling much at that. New cheese about as before, though the price is a little better, and only in small way, while the faulty goods, part skims, etc., range anywhere from 8c down to 5 1/2 cts."

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

State factory, aged for home trade	10 1/2
State factory, choice	10
State factory, good	9 1/2
State factory, fair	9
State factory, refuse	8 1/2

NEW CHEESE.

State factory, choice	9 1/2
State factory, prime	9
State factory, good	8 1/2
State factory, fair	8
State factory, refuse	7 1/2
State factory, night skims, selections	6 1/2
State factory, Western skims	6
Pennsylvania skims, general run	14 1/2

The Montreal Gazette says the market there is very tame. Values are virtually nominal and it looks as if the market would show little or no animation until the new season gets fairly started. Quotations are as follows: Fine to finest colored, 9 1/2 cts.; and fine to finest white, 9 1/2 cts.

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 7,778 boxes and 11,622 boxes the previous week and 15,898 boxes the corresponding week in 1885. The exports from all American ports for the week ending April 24 foot up 1,350,490 lbs., against 987,568 lbs. the previous week, and 1,196,621 lbs. two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 917,964 lbs. The Liverpool market is quoted dull. Quotations on American cheese are 49s. per cwt., a decline of 2s. per cwt., from the prices quoted a week ago.

WOOL.

It is impossible to get much satisfaction from the present condition of the eastern markets, and whenever the market does move it is always in a downward direction. This is true of the markets of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and many dealers who have been carrying wools since last season will have a hard time getting out even. The importers of foreign clothing wools, such as Australian and Montevideo, are in the same boat as those who are handling domestic grades, and so far as we can see there is nothing favorable for wool-growers at the moment. But the cause that has produced this condition of affairs may change at any time. They are not natural but artificial, and we hope soon to see them eliminated from the situation and the market assume its normal condition. We refer to the labor troubles and the efforts of Mr. Morrison and his friends to place wool on the free list. Upon these points the Boston Commercial Bulletin says:

"The chief aim of the wool dealer at present is to keep the market depressed until July 1st. There are many indications which favor that view of the situation, with a few pointing in an opposite direction. The wool market has been depressed since our last report, have steadied under improved conditions of the trade, and are now quoted firm at a slight advance from the lowest points reached. Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

Western factory, fancy fresh	18 1/2
Western factory, fair to good	18
Western factory, ordinary	17 1/2
Grease	14

What the Anarchists are Teaching.

At a meeting of anarchists and kindred blatherers in New York, recently, the principal speaker was Herr Most, the notorious agitator, and here is an extract from his address on the occasion:

"An army must, with fixed bayonet, lay on the platform, and when Most began to speak he complimented his hearers by saying that they had at last awakened to a sense of their wrongs and, determined to look the situation squarely in the face. 'Arm yourselves now,' he cried; 'arm yourselves before it is too late and they shoot you down. Let the people rise and fight the capitalists. Then no investigation should be made, no reasons would be asked or given, for the majority is always right.' Seizing the microphone, he cried: 'It is not so difficult to arm. Here see this fine musket! how well it works! I can furnish you with 10,000 such fine breechloaders with bayonets at only \$10 apiece. Think only \$10 apiece! You waste your money in buying gold watches and jewelry. Better buy muskets and revolvers and cartridges, and when you have enough shooting irons then rise and take what belongs to you. Carry clubs also. Why should policemen alone carry clubs? We have not got ar- arms yet, but we will in time. The Constitution gives us the right to have arms also. As for bombs, you need not wait until you have foundries to make them. You can make bombs out of glass tubes and old iron pipe, which you can fasten on with dynamite or gunpowder and when you see any of the rascals, throw them under their feet and kill them. Let your women use the bombs and learn how to use petroleum for throwing bombs. And when you have all the armories and arsenals in the city. In one year 100,000 men could be armed, and then we would seize the capitalists by the throat. We will take all the bread, and meat, and clothes, and money, and houses, and all the wine and vegetables, and all the champagne for ourselves. We will not help out any fool like you. We will take all the property of the capitalists and we will use it all for the poor. We will make war upon all the capitalists and the State and the church. For they are all our enemies. Give me your address and tell me what kind of arms you want and I'll sell them to you cheap."

These are the sentiments coming from a man who had to leave his own country to save his neck. It is rather a pity he saved it.

Michigan Horticultural Society.

The annual June meeting of the Michigan Horticultural Society will convene at North Lansing, on the evening of June 15th, and continue for three sessions on the following day. The exercises will be unusually interesting, and a novelty will be introduced in the way of short essays and addresses upon special topics by classes from the Agricultural College, under the direction of Dr. Beal, Prof. Cook and Prof. Bailey.

The 15th of June will be a red-letter day in Michigan's history, for it is the date of its semi-centennial celebration at Lansing.

Our meeting is arranged to follow this closely, so as to take advantage of the greatly reduced railroad rates, and give our horticultural friends an opportunity to take in both entertainments at one visit.

C. W. GARFIELD, Secretary.

The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express of yesterday, in its review of the British grain trade during the past week, says: "The weather has been brilliant. Wheat has generally good appearance. Trade is steady. Red wheat is 68d and 69d. The sales of English wheat during the week were 511,955 quarters at 78s 1/2 during the corresponding period last year. Flour is steady. The foreign wheat trade is devoid of feature; supplies are restricted, sellers are firm and buyers are apathetic. Foreign flour, with the exception of American, is steady. Six cargoes of wheat arrived; four cargoes were sold and two were withdrawn. None were landed in the month of May. A cargo of Oregon at 38s, another at 35s 9d; a cargo of Walla Walla at 38s 9d. To-day the market was firmer. English wheats were in demand; foreign were steady. Flour was 6s 10d; a higher price was asked for Mixed American corn was quoted at 30s."

The Visible Supply.

A dispatch from Chicago yesterday says that the number of bushels of grain in store in the United States and Canada May 3, and the increase or decrease compared with the previous week, is as follows: Wheat, 43,943,717; decrease, 1,700,301. Oats, 1,614,904; decrease, 34,962. Rye, 398,390; increase, 492. Barley, 684,335; decrease, 118,885.

TRAVELERS CITY, we see, is pushing to secure the erection of a starch factory at that place. One of the local papers has been investigating the business, and reports as follows: "The cost of erecting a starch factory of the capacity of 50,000 bushels of potatoes is from \$6,000 to \$10,000. The process of manufacture is not elaborate, the potatoes being washed and ground, then run over sieves to drain. The mass is then put in vats and left until the starch settles, when the water is drained off and the starch taken to the dry-house and dried. Potatoes yield from six to nine pounds of starch to the bushel, according to the quality of potatoes. The capacity of the factories varies from 30,000 to 60,000 bushels. It is a well known fact that potatoes grown in the vicinity of Traverse City are of extra quality, and contain much more starch than the average of potatoes. We hope the Traverse City people will be successful in securing the erection of such a factory."

A CONFERENCE was held at Grand Rapids last week between committees from the Knights of Labor and the Patrons of Husbandry to arrange a basis for co-operation and mutual benefit. It is reported that the committees decided to report to their several organizations that the two bodies should co-operate in the purchase and sale of produce and merchandise where possible; that centers be established in various parts of the State where trading can be done at bottom prices; that committees or persons be appointed to

manage and superintend these places, and that the two organizations stand together to oppose any action or movement inimical to the interests of either. The meeting was harmonious, and another will be held at a time hereafter to be decided, to act further.

A BATTLE CREEK paper says: "Jim T. Caldwell, of Battle Creek, has eleven chickens hatched from a dozen eggs, shipped to him by J. W. Hoobler, of Attica, Ohio. Why should such an item as this be published? Is it not because as a rule one-half the eggs shipped by breeders never come to anything? We know of a case in this city where the party had two dozen eggs from a breeder, and with the best efforts of a reliable old hen only five chickens rewarded her faithfulness and the \$6 invested in the eggs by her owner."

A LETTER from Odell, Ill., was received lately, which says that no wheat is left in the hands of farmers, and the advice from others in the State are of a like tenor. The visible supply of wheat is a very large one, but it may prove to be so by virtue of a general exhaustion of stocks in first hands.

The agent for Fairbank & Co., of Chicago, has closed a contract with William C. Williamson and David Butters for a \$5,000 creamery, to be located at Port Austin, Sanilac County, and to be ready for business within forty days.

For good early cabbages it is hardly possible to make the land too rich; twenty cords per acre of manure and a ton of good fertilizer in addition is recommended by one of the best gardeners; this seems like extravagant expense, but early cabbage respond more quickly and certainly to generous manuring and frequent irrigation than any other crop. It is often the last two or three cords of manure make the difference between profit and loss with this crop.

Stock Notes.

Mr. Wm. CHAPMAN, of Northville, Wayne County, reports the following sales of stock from his herd of Poland-Chinas:

To R. Gamble, Southfield, Oakland County, a boar and sow.

To John H. HUBBELL, of Hartland, Livingston County, reports the following recent sales of sheep from his flock of Merinos.

To Thomas Holland, Hartland, one ram.

To Byron Pipe, Hartland, one ram.

To O. Everts, Hartland, one ram.

To J. Osborn, Hartland, one ram.

To A. Campbell, Hartland, one ram.

To S. L. Hoot, Hartland, one ram.

To D. O. Tait, Ocella, one ram.

To J. B. Tazman, Ocella, one ram.

To F. Beran, Hartland, one ram.

To G. W. Gilman, Hartland, one ram.

To Mrs. E. Talmage, Dryden, Leapeer Co., one ram and one ewe.

To John H. Hoot, North, Oakland County, six ewes.

To W. H. Hoot, Highland, Oakland County, six ewes.

To Charles & Close, Ohio, two rams at State shearing at Flint, to go to South America, shearing omitted.

THE handsome sale catalogue of Short horns to be sold at Chicago on May 13th, for Messrs. A. Y. Attil and Wm. Murray has been received. It is nicely got up, and the notes below the pictures of the animals to be offered are very copious. Quite a number of Michigan breeders have announced their intention of being present.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Michigan.

Wool is quoted at 60d at 18 1/2 cts.

Ann Arbor is not to have a street railway at present.

J. B. Perks, of Ionia, will build 14 acres of celery this year.

Orin Ladd, resident of Michigan since 1854, died at Pontiac last week.

Lexington ladies held a flower fair last week. The display is said to have been very fine.

The market at Flint was flooded with potatoes last week, which sold for twenty to thirty cents.

The prosecuting attorney of Livingston County took charge of 62 offenders against the laws last week.

Genesee County farmers have combined to legally fight the agents who have sold them Bohemian oats.

St. Johns will pay R. M. Steele a bonus of \$5,000 on the completion of a \$35,000 hotel which he will build there.

C. N. Brown, living near Fenton, was terribly mutilated by a steam boiler which broke away while being led to water.

Wahlman & Grip, of Lapeer, will pull up the branch state prison buildings at Marquette. Their bid was \$138,817.

Adrian has a strong labor organization, and societies of Knights of Labor are soon to be organized at Tecumseh and Hudson.

W. Hagar, proprietor of the City Hotel, was drowned in the mill flume on the 29th. He was an old resident of the town.

Thomas Sampson, returning home from Alpena, fell from his horse and the animal kicked him in the head, killing him instantly.

Record. Stock for sale. I have bred the following varieties of poultry: Wyandottes, P. Rocks, B. Leghorns, W. Leghorns, Golden Pheasants, B. Spaniards, which I guarantee to be pure and well up to the standard. Eggs in season and stock at all times for sale. Write for what you want to H. L. LINTZ, Rochester, O., and C. Mich.

WYANDOTTE
Eggs for sale, from two yards, Millington. Browns and Green strains; \$3 for 13, \$5 for 24.
\$20.41 GEORGE M DEWEY, Owosso, Mich.

GERMAN CARP.—Orders filled promptly. Quality and satisfaction guaranteed, at Dexter Fish Hatchery; address SILL & REEVE, Dexter, Mich.

THORNTON'S SPARKY BIRD SALES

THOROUGHBRED STOCK FOR SALE.

Shorthorn Bulls.
Six from 9 to 30 months. Three from 34 to 38 months old.

Polled-Angus Bulls.
Five from two to three years old.

Jersey Bulls.

from 6 to 36 months old.

Also a number of pedigreed young cows and calves of the various breeds. The above cattle are all in good growing condition, not overfed, and will be sold at reasonable prices.

Horses.

A number of superior thoroughbred and grade Percherons, all sired by the noted Sumolina, and some grade Clyde stallions, which are offered at very reasonable prices. For catalogue and particulars apply to

HAMBLETONIAN

STALLION

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Dark Chestnut. Seven years old. Sound and
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Pure - Bred Bates Shorthorns.
 Duchesses, Oxfords, Thorndale Rose, Kirk-
 ington Barrington Wild Eyes and Craggs fam-
 ilies. Bulls in service: Imported Grand Duke
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 Manager Niagara Stock Farm, Buffalo, N. Y.

L. C. DRAKE,
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BREEDER AND DEALER IN
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Several good ones, recorded in both American and English stud books, for sale cheap. Come and see them.
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A splendid Jersey bull! Registered A. J. C. C. No. 10051. Three years old. Or will exchange for a good young horse. Address
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and breeding. Prices low; terms easy. Address
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FOR SALE.

Three young Shorthorn bulls, all red in color,
straight pedigrees and in good condition. For
breeding and prices apply to
O. R. PATTENGILL,

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN BULLS
FOR SALE
At reasonable prices. Stock all registered and
of the best milking strains.
A. P. CODDINGTON,
Tecumseh, Mich.

Greenwood Stock Farm
Poland-China Swine a Specialty.
 Stock recorded in Ohio Poland-China Record.
 Correspondence and inspection invited.
B. G. BUELL,
 Little Prairie Road, Cass Co., Mich.

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PINE GROVE HERD.
Porter, Cass Co., contains over 100 head of Fanned Poland China swine; blood of the Butcher, Sorrows, Sambos, and U. S. 1195 stock, all recorded or eligible to registry in Ohio Poland China record. Parties desiring stock can be supplied at reasonable rates. Call on or address
GIDEON HEBRON, Box 300,

JAMES BERRY,
Somerset Center, Mich.
Breeder of Holstein-Friesian cattle, Dorco-Jersey
Pine and Bronze turkeys.
Two fine young bulls ready for service for sale
cheap. Do not buy until you get my prices.
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On the farm with us
may be seen a very fine
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Poetry.

NEVER SATISFIED.

A little with content, I reach
To him who'll not refuse it,
Who takes it as the Lord has sent
And then does rightly use it.
Most men, with nothing, have a thought
That life would be a pleasure
If they could share in his lot,
With those who have the treasure.
But in this time? Experience shows
That, in this world of sorrow,
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.
He vows he does not want the earth;
His thoughts are far above it;
The gold of India and of Or,
His simple tastes don't covet.
A very little meets his wants;
He knows to farm his living.
He says it's all a man should ask,
And thank the Lord for giving.
But, is it true? Well, it is true,
The truth you'll have to borrow.
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.
Of wealth, a fraction's all he asks,
With smallest number.
Set out in unit, hold above
A large denominator.
That makes the sum of all his joys,
Of all his hopes and bliss;
'Tis all he needs, 'tis all he prays;
'Tis bread and cheese, and kisses.
But, is it true? Well, it is true,
The truth you'll have to borrow.
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.
—Olinthia Commercial-Traveler.

A MEMORY.

An old-world country garden, where the hours
Laid winged sunbeams flash in glory by,
And where the scent of strange, old-fashioned
flowers
Brings back a tender bygone memory.
The walls are straight, and patterned with white
stone.
And pacing there with reverent tread,
I dream once more I hold within my own
The soft warm fingers of the child who died—
The child whose dainty footstep led with mine,
As we two chased the golden butterflies—
The child who revelled in the bright sunshine,
And shivered her gladness in her laughing eyes.
We used to linger in the long soft grass,
And when a sun-ray kissed her dimpled hand,
We told each other 'twas a fairy pass
To read the secrets of our Fairyland;
And, holding safely in her radiant face
That happy sparkle, we would run to peep
If dewdrops trembled in the self-same place,
Or list a light's bud had blossomed in its sleep.
I thought her in my arms when tired of play,
And whispered love names in the baby ears;
She made the glory of the summer's day,
My wee little lady of but five short years.
Now! Small wonder that the roses lie
In faded fragrance by the daisies' side,
For sunshine vanished with her soft right
And skies are grayer since our darling died.
—Chambers' Journal.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN'S STORY.

"Well, would you like to hear my adventure in New Orleans?" John Bright leaned his elbow on the arm of the red plush chair in which he sat, with a thoughtful look in his dark-blue eyes.
"Why, yes, of course."
"By all means."
Eugene Carthon and his sister looked eagerly at the handsome blonde in front of them.
They had been talking about the New Orleans Exposition, which all had visited the winter before, and naturally their conversation had drifted into personal reminiscences and criticisms on the ways and manners of the people of that beautiful southern city.
"Did you really have an adventure?" asked Nell, eying him questioningly from under her long dark lashes. They had intended to meet in the Crescent City, but through some misunderstanding the Carthons family had missed him. Nell had always felt a little aggrieved over this, just as if John had really been to blame in the matter, and allusion to their sojourn in the south brought back that vague feeling of disappointment which had mingled itself with all her enjoyments while there.
"Not that she cared anything for John Bright. Oh, no; not even to herself did she ever admit that. But then he was Eugene's most intimate friend, and he was such a bright, companionable fellow, how could she help liking him a little?—just for Eugene's sake, you know." She sincerely believed that it was her love for her brother that made her so solicitous always for his friend's comfort and so anxious to make him always feel at home and thoroughly welcome in her father's house.
And if women will deceive themselves so ingeniously in these little matters, no one can blame them. The reality seems all the prettier when they surprise themselves into the admission, one day, that brotherly love is not such a powerful motor after all.
"Well, go on with your story," said Eugene, lighting a cigarette, with his sister's permission, and puffing away expectantly. "I'll be getting drowsy, presently, if you don't wake me up with your thrilling episode."
"Well"—John twirled his blonde mustache reflectively, ignoring the last remark—"I was walking down Canal Street one afternoon, when it began to rain—"
"Remarkable! when it was in the rainy season," interrupted Eugene, who seemed determined not to be led into thinking his friend had met with any extraordinary adventure.
"Eugene, do hush!" Nell said, imploringly; but John did not seem to mind his friend's quizzing in the least.
"As I said, I was walking down Canal Street, when it began to rain, not violently, but enough to make a man feel uncomfortable, and the feathers on a woman's bonnet limp. Fortunately I had an umbrella, which, of course, I immediately raised. Just as I did so, a young lady came out of one of the large drygoods stores behind me. She stood irresolute for a moment, as though nonplussed by the rain, yet an evident anxiety possessed her to reach the car.
"Instantly I found myself in a strange dilemma. What should I do? There was a young lady, delicate and beautiful, richly attired in garments which the rain would certainly damage, without the

slightest protection from the elements; while I, not three feet distant, was possessed of an umbrella amply large enough to shelter two. It seemed like a piece of impudence, yet on the impulse of the moment I mustered all my gallantry, and, stepping forward, offered to escort her to the car.

"To my surprise, and I must say pleasure, she accepted gratefully, and we walked to the next corner to meet the car. I noted then the extreme loveliness of her beauty, which was of the pure Creole type, and the marvelous finish of her toilet, which showed in its richness of coloring the southern taste. I could not censure her for her hesitation in exposing herself to the disastrous effects of the rain."

At this juncture Nell, curled up on one end of the sofa with her Kensington in her lap, looked very grave. She could not quite approve of handsome blonde strangers offering umbrellas to unknown ladies. It might have been the "extreme loveliness" of the Creole belle which made the offense so heinous in her eyes, but she would have been shocked had you suggested such a thing.

"When we reached the corner there was no car," John continued. "Being in 'Mardi-gras' time, there was always more or less delay. When the car did arrive, it was so crowded there was not a foothold. The next and the next proved to be the same. Unconsciously we walked on, the young lady by an almost imperceptible guidance directing our footsteps. We walked along the Rue Royal quite into the heart of the old French town, the young lady scarcely seeming aware of the fact that we had traversed so many blocks. I was too delighted with her bright conversation and *sauteleto* wish to deceive her, and so we walked along until she stopped suddenly in front of one of those gloomy French houses, so dreary in exterior appearance, but often beautiful and gay within. A high wall surrounded the dwelling, surmounted by nails driven in so that the points projecting upward, a sure safeguard against marauders. As usual, a high balcony graced the front of the house. From the gate—a massive iron-barred one—a stone pave led up to the old-fashioned door."

"I feel very grateful," she said, lifting her big eyes to mine with a shadow of timidity in their depths which made them all the lovelier; and she hesitated a little, "I know my father would wish to thank you also, if it—"

"If you only knew whom to thank," I added, with a conscious shame at my own lack of courtesy. Now, I don't know what devilry prompted me to the action, but instead of handing her my own card, I gave her one of Frank Smith's, a young fellow rooming with me at the St. Charles, a drummer for a large hat firm in Detroit. His name graced the card in full, an also 'Tremoine & Leeman,' the name of the firm he was connected with. It was a foolish thing to do, yet I never expected to see the young lady again, and I supposed it occurred to me that it would be a good joke on Smith."

"To my great astonishment, she recognized the firm name."

"You must come in and see my father," she said. "Mr. Tremoine is an old friend of ours, and he will be so delighted to see you."

"Into what kind of a scrape had I gotten myself? I declined as courteously as possible, trying to hasten away; but just then an old gentleman appeared at the door, in answer to our ring at the gate, for, as you remember, in New Orleans most of the bells are on the front gate."

"In a few words the young lady explained the situation. With a true southern hospitality he invited me to enter, thanking me in most voluble terms for my kindness to his daughter. Seeing I would offend by not accepting their invitation, I stepped in with them. As usual in these French houses, the hall led into a barren-looking court. From this, however, we entered into an apartment elegantly furnished."

"A servant took my umbrella and hat, and the old gentleman pushed a handsome easy-chair for me, seating himself near me. The young lady disappeared, reappearing in a little while in a charming dinner-dress of garnet satin."

"I confess I was a little dazed by the sudden turn affairs had taken, and the *tele a tele* with the old gentleman (whose name I ascertained to be De Chartre) was most embarrassing, for he asked me a score of questions about Detroit and the people there, all of which I, never having been in that city, was obliged to answer at random, or from vague reminiscences of what Smith had told me casually."

"I tried in vain to turn the subject, and had almost given myself up to a desperate fibbing, when I chanced to perceive that a piano was behind me. During a momentary lull in the conversation, in which De Chartre was probably trying to reconcile my rambling information with his own knowledge and conjectures, I turned to the young lady, requesting some music."

"To my relief she consented immediately, thus saving her father from any further surprises in the way of chaotic guessing on my part. She sang and played quite prettily, and I found myself even more prepossessed than I had been at first."

"After she had played several songs, I rose to go, but as I did so, dinner was announced, and I was urgently invited by them both to remain. Again I saw that to refuse would be to offend, so in order to preserve Smith's reputation from further damage, I accepted, resolving that I would exert my talents to the utmost in being entertaining. You see, I wanted them to speak a good word for Smith if ever they should chance to communicate with this Tremoine, whom I heartily wished at the bottom of the sea."

"The dinner was served in good style, and quite enjoyed by Smith, who was sometimes rather dilatory in responding to his name, but who managed to keep the upper hand in the conversation, not allowing the old gentleman a single gap in which to insert his inquiries about Detroit and the Tremoines."

"After dinner we adjourned to the parlor—that is, the young lady and myself—the old gentleman going off for a

smoke, in which I declined to join him. The rain, which had been mild at first, now turned into a raging torrent. It beat savagely against the windows, and the wind swept mournfully through the court. Now and then it crept under the door, and into the room, bringing a faint scent of the orange-blossoms that were being swept from their stems on the bending trees without. But the inclemency of the weather outside only made the comfort and brightness of the apartment seem more perfect."

"With such a charming hostess the moments sped swiftly. I became more and more enthralled with her dark eyes and her gracious manner, so typical of the grace which has made the Creole women celebrated. Besides, the novelty of the situation made it seem tenfold more attractive. I began to tremble vaguely for Smith's peace of mind. It would be superhuman for a man to resist the fascination of this lovely Creole. I don't know to what length I might have committed myself, had not the door opened and Monsieur de Chartre once more appeared upon the scene. As it was, I think he surprised me saying some foolishly tender things to his daughter."

"I looked at my watch. A flush of shame crept over me. It was past ten o'clock. I felt that I had infringed on the hospitality extended to me. I began to apologize, but Monsieur de Chartre stopped me."

"My dear sir," he said, cordially, "you cannot go out in such a storm. I will not permit it. My home is large. We have ample accommodations. Remain with us to-night."

"I hesitated a moment; the rain beating on the window-pane seemed dismal enough. Besides, I was in a part of the city with which I was unfamiliar. I might lose my way and wander about those narrow streets for hours; and then, blood-curdling tales came back to me of strangers who had been robbed and half murdered in those dark thoroughfares. I had a valuable watch and chain and quite a sum of money about me, which I would not care to lose. I confess the idea of venturing out into that pitiless storm, in the heart of the high-walled, mysterious French town, unprotected by a weapon of any sort, rather dismayed me. Yet I remembered that I had made arrangements to leave the city in the morning, and my train left at six; and I intimated as much to Monsieur de Chartre."

"That will not incommode us at all," he said, politely. "I will leave word with one of the servants to unlatch the door and gate at five. You can rise then, and leave the house at your pleasure. If you desire a cup of coffee, Jacques will have it ready for you."

"I thanked him sincerely. I could not feel grateful enough for such a warm and cordial hospitality. It is true indeed that these Southerners have the kindest and most hospitable hearts in the world. An old and valued friend of the family could scarcely have been treated more kindly than I, a complete stranger, save for the slight stamp of genuineness which 'Tremoine & Leeman' gave me in this most elegant and beautiful home, every part of which betokened the wealth and position of the owner."

"A few moments later Jacques came to show me to my room. With a lingering glance, I bade the young lady good-night. It seemed to me that her beautiful eyes were filled with a shadow of regret for our brief acquaintance. Her father followed me to the court without, giving me several messages for Mr. Tremoine and other friends in Detroit, all of which I promised to carry faithfully. Then, with a courtly good-night, he intrusted me to the care of the waiting African attendant."

"My apartment was handsomely furnished, in keeping with the rest of the house. It was apparently a back room connecting with one in the front of the house by heavy folding-doors, across which a rich crimson *portiere* fell."

"Jacques brought me a pitcher of fresh water and some clean towels, and then, mumbling something in his unintelligible Creole French, bowed himself out."

"I examined the room carefully, looked at all the doors except the folding one, which I found fastened on the other side, and went to sleep thinking what a capital joke this was on Smith, who was undoubtedly repositing beautifully in No. 105, at the St. Charles, unconscious of the strange escapade I had gotten him into. I resolved to write to the young lady as soon as I left the city, informing her of my little deception, and introducing the original Smith, whom I was quite sure would fall head over ears in love with her at sight. Poor Smith, I was just mapping out his future most beautifully, when Morpheus seized me and carried me off into dreamland."

"About midnight I was awakened by a slight noise in the room. I listened, but all was as still as death. Apparently the whole household had fallen into slumber. I attributed the sound to my own imagination, and was about to compose myself to slumber, when a cold chill crept over me. I was sensible of a near presence. The room was intensely dark, and I could see nothing. Neither could my faculties, which were now thoroughly acute, perceive the slightest movement or sound. Yet, my blood ran cold with the premonition of evil. I could feel a cold sweat breaking out all over me—the chill crept to the very roots of my hair."

"With a sudden bound I leaped from the bed. The matches were on a table near. I struck one and looked around, half expecting to see some uncanny shape leap out of the gloom and attack me, but the room was empty. I lit the lamp and examined the apartment carefully, but all was secure as when I retired."

"With an impatient condemnation of my weakness, I went to bed again, leaving the lamp burning low. As I am no believer in haunted houses and my digestion is unusually good, I soon sank into a deep slumber."

"About two hours later, however, I was again awakened by that mysterious sensation. Again the cold chills, betokening some evil, uncanny presence, crept over me. A terrible presentiment took possession of me. I dared not move for a second. My knees trembled, the cold

drops of moisture stood on my brow. What could it be—this awful presence that seemed to lay cold fingers upon me in the darkness and wake me from my sleep? I lay there shivering as though chilled by some actual, icy touch for a moment, then my healthy, vigorous physique reasserted itself. I was no coward and crept to the light, turning the full blaze on suddenly."

"A change in the room startled me. The heavy *portiere* was thrown aside, the folding-doors stood wide open. Resolved to penetrate this mystery, I stepped into the other room."

"A cry of horror escaped me as I did so. I stood in the middle of the floor, petrified, the very blood freezing in my veins. There on the bed lay a man with his throat gashed from ear to ear, the red blood oozing slowly upon the white counterpane and the rich carpet beneath. His wide eyes were upturned to the ceiling, his white face transfixed with the death-agony."

"For a second I stood there as if frozen to the spot, my senses reeling, my hands clutched in a sudden agony of mortal terror; then like a flash of lightning the truth swept over me. A terrible crime had been committed. The responsibility was to be laid on me. In the morning the police would come to arrest me. What vestige of power would I have to disprove it?"

"With a sudden, quick energy, born of desperation, I went to my room and dressed myself, leaving not the slightest trace of my presence there. Assuring myself that not a card or a slip of paper was left as a clue to my identity, I took my boots in my hand and crept noiselessly down the stairway."

"When I reached the door beyond the court, I shrank back in dismay. I had forgotten it would be locked and barred. I entered the apartment where I had been entertained the night before, hoping to find a window unbolts. To my surprise I heard voices and perceived a light emanating from the room adjoining. The door between was slightly ajar. I walked breathlessly across the room and peeped through the crevice."

"Horror of horrors! What did I see there? The fine, courtly old gentleman of the night before seated at a faro-table, surrounded by a motley crowd—and my fine young lady, the brilliant, sweet-voiced enchantress of the dinner-table, dealing out faro-blanks, opposite!"

"It was enough. I turned away, realizing then that I was in New Orleans, I had gotten into one of the worst dens of the French city, and the beautiful Creole was probably one of the notorious characters I had so often read of."

"No wonder my blood ran cold. What if I could not escape? These were desperate characters, with whom I could not cope. The outlook was terrifying."

"I tried each window cautiously. They all resisted my efforts to raise them; but the last—that yielded a little. I struggled mightily, with the strength of despair. In doing so my hand touched a spring which I had not perceived before. In an instant the window was pushed up noiselessly, and with a stealthy bound I leaped through, landing unhurt on the ground a few feet below."

"But what to do next? There was that wall, surrounded by its rows of sharp nails. It would have been madness to have attempted to scale it. The gate was barred and fastened with a heavy chain. I could not cry out for assistance; that would have meant certain death from those desperate, dark-browed men at the faro table. What should I do? Again the cold drops of moisture dampened my temple. I was frantic. What should I do?"

John stopped in his narrative and lit the cigarette Eugene had handed him a little while before.

"What did you do?" Eugene was impatient of the delay. He leaned forward anxiously. His own cigarette had gone out. He had forgotten it in his absorbing interest."

"Yes, what did you do?" Nell repeated the question with a terrible anxiety in her brown eyes. Her Kensington lay unheeded on the floor, her elbows rested on her knees, one hand supporting her dimpled, eager face. Her breath came short and fast. She awaited the sequel with sympathetic, anxious eyes."

"Why"—John gave an energetic puff at his cigarette—"I awoke!"

Eugene sank back in his chair, and Nell collapsed, physically and mentally, picking up her work with a disgusted air.

"Sold, by Jove!" exclaimed Eugene, after a pause, looking admiringly at his friend. "It is the best sell of the season."

"Oh, you horrible wretch!" cried Nell, when she had recovered her breath; "and so it was all a dream!"

"Yes," answered John, coldly. "I awoke in No. 105, at the St. Charles, with Smith asking me if I mistook him for a brick wall or a lamp-post, that I was pounding him so vigorously."

Nell did not seem to care much for the sell so long as the beautiful Creole had proved a myth. The story had awakened her consciousness a little, and she seemed a little shyer of John for several days afterwards. But I am happy to say that she was a sensible girl, and when John asked her if she ever loved him for 'Eugene's sake,' she answered candidly, 'No.' Thus came the sequel to 'John's Story.'—Frank Leslie.

The Red Snow Alga.

At first the alga of red snow was looked upon as the sole inhabitant of the ice lands of the polar regions, says *Chambers' Journal*. But in 1870 Dr. Berggren, botanist of Nordenfjeld's expedition, discovered a second or reddish-brown alga. It is allied to the "snow blossom," but has this peculiarity, that it is never found on snow, but, combined with the krynkonit, it covers enormous tracts of ice, giving to them a beautiful purple brown tint, which greatly adds to their beauty. Besides growing on the surface of the ice, this red-brown alga was also found in the holes one or two feet deep, and three or four feet across, in some parts so numerous and close together that there was scarcely standing room between them. A

close examination showed that this very alga was the cause of these holes, as wherever it spreads itself it favors the melting of the ice. The dark brown body absorbs more heat than either the gray dust or the snow, therefore it sinks ever deeper in the hollows, until the slanting rays of the sun can no longer reach it. Thus these microscopic alga play the same part on the fields of Greenland that small stones do on European glaciers. By creating holes they give the warm summer air a larger surface to take hold of, and thus naturally assist the melting of the ice. Perhaps it is to these microscopic atoms that we owe some of the vast changes that our globe has experienced; it may be by their agency that the vast wastes of snow that in the glacial period covered great tracts both of the European and American continents for some distance from the poles, have melted gradually away and given place to shady woods and fields of grain. It is indeed a remarkable instance of the power and importance of even the smallest thing in nature; all the more interesting in this case, that the sun created for itself in these tiny dark atoms, the instrument for boring the ice.

Candy that is Poisonous.

Ten drops of this candy will intoxicate a child. There is enough fusel oil in that tin box full of candy to poison three men, and yet that stuff was sold to children attending the Thirteenth Street Grammar School for months as pure "rock-and-rye" drops. I had the manufacturers arrested and heavily fined for making sixty pounds of this candy."

The speaker was Cyrus Edison, Chief Sanitary Inspector, who sat at his desk in the office of the Board of Health yesterday. He was surrounded by bottles and cans containing various samples of adulterated food. The tin box contained ten pounds of rock-and-rye candy drops, adulterated with fusel oil, a deadly poison.

"Dr. Elbridge T. Gerry, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, made complaint to me about this candy," continued Dr. Edison. He opened the box, and a strong smell of fusel oil was emitted. It was sickening."

"No decent man will make even pure rock-and-rye candies. They only give children an appetite for liquor, and the artificial flavors are actually poisonous. Fusel oil is that property contained in bad whiskey which makes it bad. It has little commercial value. Confectioners often buy rock-and-rye flavor, believing they are getting oil of coriander. They get instead a mixture of fusel and coriander oils. I have seized two more cases of the poisoned candy, and have arrested the other two manufacturers. They will be tried this week. One of the men displayed this placard in his store: 'My Goods Are Free from Fusel Oil.'"

"Do I think there is much impure candy made now? No, you cannot buy bad candy in New York. I will except coconut confections—I won't answer for people who eat coconut candy. There is no more unwholesome candy made. The manufacturers buy partly decomposed nuts, cut out the rotten portions, and grind up the rest. It is impossible for one part of a coconut to be bad and the rest good. The nut is an air-tight globe, and the meat is porous. If a spot becomes putrid inside, the milk must be contaminated, and so the whole. But after the nut has been ground up and doctored with chocolate and other flavors, chemical analysis will not detect the impure coconut. The coconut patties or cakes sold at Italian street-stands are absolutely poisonous."

"Three years ago the Board of Health seized \$30,000 worth of impure confectionery. That frightened the confectioners, and we have kept watch of them ever since. People would hardly believe that the yellow used a few years ago for coloring candies was chromate of lead; that the red was a preparation of mercuric vermillion; that the green was arsenical green, and all the colors mineral poisons. The ornaments made for Christmas trees—dolls, fruits, birds, wreaths, letters of the alphabet, etc.—were half sugar and half mineral poison. And still the confectioners complained loudly because we seized them. They said they were not made to be eaten—only for ornaments. Yet what child doesn't eat them."

"Here is a case containing twelve different colored samples of candy absolute. Pure. Every tint is made with a vegetable color, perfectly harmless. The case came from Germany three years ago, and now all the candy-makers in the city use these vegetable dyes. They cost a little more, but are pure. Vegetable colors fade in the sun, while mineral colors remain fast. Confectioners claim that they are losing all their wholesale trade. Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Buffalo candy-makers are getting the western business, because the health authorities in their cities are not as strict as we are here. French glue enters extensively into American candies—real yellow animal cement. It is clean, if made properly, but who wants to eat glue? Ice-cream and chocolate ruses are adulterated with it, and medicine capsules and pill coatings are also made of French glue. Commercial gelatine, or grape sugar, is pure if the acid used in extracting it from the corn is thoroughly washed out. It can be easily adulterated but the principal harm from its use is in the coloring matter added in making ices and like delicacies. I repeat it, I don't believe there is any candy sold at retail in New York containing the least amount of poisonous or objectionable matter."—N. Y. Star.

"Blind Tigers."

The country through which Marshal Gross has recently traveled is full of interest to those unacquainted with mountain life and the ways of the moonshiner. It is characterized by steep and rugged mountains on every side, running precipitously to the streams, making it a fit home for illicit distillers. The gorges and ravines are hedged in by a dense growth of cedar, pine and laurel, impenetrable to all except those who know the blind paths which penetrate these hidden recesses. It is up among these thickets that the stills are all hidden on the head-

waters of the little mountain creeks that rush down their steep beds to the upper waters of the Cumberland river. The homes of the people are situated on the shelving portions of the mountains or at the entrance of a creek into the river, where a little bottom of a few acres gives space to till the corn that goes largely to making the moonshine whiskey which costs the government so dearly in life and money to suppress. The manner of disposing of their illicit product shows decided ingenuity in concealing the identity of the seller to the buyer of the whiskey.

I was no little surprised, as I rode along by the side of a deputy marshal, when he pointed to the side of the road and said: "There is a blind tiger." I looked for the animal, and said: "Where?" when he pointed to a square hole in the end of a small, tight log hut that stood near by. This so-called "blind tiger" is constructed of an oblong box without ends, which is fastened into a hole through the side of the house. Fitting closely into this is a drawer of the same length. The buyer knocks on the box, and the drawer is pushed outside. When the money and bottles are placed in it, it is drawn back, the bottle filled and returned and the money taken out, neither party recognizing the other in the transaction. These little huts are generally situated at a convenient point to command the road both ways. I observed three from Barbourville to Harlan Court House. Besides these I saw the celebrated live "blind tiger" in Bell county. We had just crossed a beautiful little stream at the foot of Laurel Mountain, and rounded a point on the Cumberland river opposite the "Seven Pillars"—seven light-gray abutments that project out of the side of a sloping mountain rising several hundred feet perpendicular from the deep emerald water of the Cumberland, fringed at their tops with evergreens. I was drinking in the beauty of the scene when we entered a ravine hedged in on both sides by a dense growth of laurel, full-leaved and as verdant as in May. Well up in this lonely part of the road we discovered him crouching on a moss covered log. As we approached nearer his blank white eyes turned fixedly upon us.

We stopped opposite him, a pitiful looking blind boy. In front of him, between his knees, he held a little gallon runlet; beside him on the log were several tin measures, much used, and a glass. He was much agitated when he found he was talking to the marshal of Kentucky, but his dread and heart-rendering appearance was too much for the big-hearted Gross, who spoke reassuringly to him and told him he had not come after him. Curiosity induced the party to purchase a pint of his moonshine whiskey, which was as clear as the translucent water that dashes through the rocks at the roadside. It was rank and new, and a taste satisfied all of the party. On our return we found him again at the same place, when the marshal told him on his next trip he would demand the names of those who furnished him with the whiskey, and that its sale must be stopped.

The boy said he knew it was wrong and wished it could be stopped, in a tone that betrayed a force behind, the possibilities of which are hard to contemplate. With the tops of the mountains covered with snow, no fire to warm him, no sound to cheer him save the rush of the waters down the gorge, a lonely, cheerless watch is that of the "Blind Tiger."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Driving Men from Employment.

According to the statements of a young woman in San Francisco, she and her sisters are fast driving men from the employments they have been engaged in since the Pacific Coast was first settled. She declares that women have already superseded men as stenographers, telegraph and telephone operators, copyists and type-writers. They are now beginning to obtain places in banks and commercial business houses. Educated girls are filling most of the easy positions that were recently occupied by men. Girls who have little or no education are also driving men from many light occupations. They make clothes, shoes and cigars, and in many cases sell them. The transaction of several kinds of business has passed almost entirely into their hands. In her opinion it is only a question of time when girls of the Golden State will monopolize every employment they think it desirable to engage in.

Being asked by a foreign gentleman how they had been able to accomplish all these things, she promptly replied: "By adopting the Chinese method, and beating them on their own game." She then went on to give the particulars of their mode of procedure in every occupation that they had monopolized. They quietly prepared themselves for it, often pretending that they were simply practicing for sport. A smart girl would induce a clerk who was paying her some attention to give her an insight into the mysteries of book-keeping, telegraphing or the use of the type-writer. She then obtained a book and began to practice. If she met with difficulties, she knew where to apply for assistance.

As soon as she became proficient she applied for the situation, often offering her services gratuitously till she has afforded evidence that she can do the work in a satisfactory manner. They obtained places and kept them because they worked cheaper than men did or could. Many of them were in a position to live even cheaper than the Chinese. Most of them lived at home, so their board cost them nothing. They spent no money on billiards, cigars, wine or stronger kinds of drinks. They belonged to no secret societies, social clubs or military organizations. They were not assessed on the eve of every election. The consequence was that the girls were getting rich on small salaries, while the men remained poor if they obtained large salaries. Employers were so fond of obtaining cheap labor as cheap goods. The time had come when Chinese engaged in certain kinds of business and employing men could not compete with those that employed girls.

A scientific journal claims that nothing will improve a girl's complexion like early rising. This may be true, but every woman knows that for immediate results, a powder puff is not to be sneezed at.

A Story of Gen. Buell.

Buell on one occasion near Cave City ordered the men kept away from a spring, but the guard was overrun by thirty men, and Buell rode with his staff, official dignity to the spring to stand guard himself. He wore at the time a little straw hat and his fatigue uniform. A large, energetic six-footer came up very thirsty and impatient to fill his canteen. He rubbed against Buell as he passed and stepped with one foot in the water to fill his cup. Buell said quietly but decidedly: "Take your foot out, sir." Still stopping, the six-footer looked up and said: "You go to Greenland's icy mountains. I don't want any quartermaster's clerk ordering me around."

"For an instant the commander of the Army of the Ohio was stunned by the unexpected reply. Then he said quietly but firmly: 'General Buell orders you to take your foot out—of that spring.' The man gave the General's place and name, and said: 'I'll do it, sir. If General Buell would order me to jump head first into the sea I would do it. Out comes the foot. I didn't say you were good.' The spring 'erred the General a good deal, but did nothing."

Irish Fire Eaters of Former Times.

Pat Power, of Donaghe, was a furious fire eater, but an amusing character withal. He was a rough exterior, had small regard to his dress or his appearance, and was possessed beside of a most mellifluous brogue. These peculiarities, while traveling in England, made him the object of some practical jokes, which, however, rather recoiled on those designing them. For instance, on one occasion, when seated in a tavern, a group of "bucks" of the period honored him with their regards. They sent the waiter to him with a gold watch, belonging to one of them, with the request that he would tell the time by it. Power calmly took possession of the watch, sent his servant to fetch his pistols, and with one under each arm, approached his would-be tormentors and politely requested to be introduced to the owner of the watch. He then put the watch in his pocket, declaring that he would keep it safe till called for, at the same time stealing his name and where he was to be found should the owner desire its return. It was not claimed. On another occasion under similar circumstances, a waiter was sent to him with a plate of potatoes, which he ate with apparent relish. Then, ascertaining from the attendant to whom he was indebted for the repast, he caused his servant to bring in two covered dishes, one of which was placed before the gentleman in question, and the other on the table at which he sat. The covers were removed, and under each a loaded pistol was seen. Power, taking up his weapon, cocked it, and invited his volunteer entertainer to do likewise, assuring that gentleman that if he killed him he was perfectly ready to give satisfaction to the friend who sat beside him. Needless to say the practical joker declined the invitation. Another ferocious ruffian was Mr. Bryant Maguire. He had been in the army, and his favorite pastime was showing peaceful people of the footways, and insulting passers from the windows of his dwelling house, in the hope of inciting some of them to challenge him to fight. He was, however, rather farcical in his ferocity, seeing that he always kept his pistols within reach for use on every possible occasion. When he wanted to summon a servant, "to keep his hand in," he did so by firing at the bell handle.—All the Year Round.

Washington's Mother.

The New York Graphic says: "Legends vary much as to the old lady's character. Some reports paint her as a primitive saint in homespun, devotedly caring for the needs of the poor and attending faithfully to her household duties. Of course it would be sacrilegious to suggest that the mother of our immortal George was not exemplary in all things. Perhaps she was; but I've talked with several colored crones in the almshouse, so old that time even is no object of interest to them, and they said it was understood about town in their early days that Mother Washington was a sort of Xantippe, making things without the excuse of a Scotchman's temper. Her slaves were worked to within an inch of their lives, and even up to a very old age she would keep the lights burning and the negroes at the spinning wheel till well after midnight. So they say; but 'the say' often covers a multitude of lies."

"About 200 yards south of her old room stands the most interesting house of the neighborhood, and it explains the residence of Mother Washington on the town side of the river after her husband's death. Among her household attractions the old lady had a daughter by the name of Elizabeth, and on the winsome maid Colonel Fielding Lewis dropped his shining gaze. The Colonel was an English gentleman of wealth and culture, and barring an inherited tendency to cosmopolitanism appears to have been a modest, sensible cavalier of the old school. He had plenty of lands and gold galore in the Band of England, and Bettie did a very sensible thing when she allied herself with the Colonel's name and duets. The Colonel provided a cage for his bird in a highly romantic way. Having a soul that soared above the wooden shacks of colonial days he directed his English factors to send over four trained artisans to build him a house and ordered the bricks shipped from England for the purpose. Bettie must have carried her head in the clouds and snubbed her poor relatives when she became mistress of Kenmore. It is standing to-day, a marvel of solid architecture and solid comfort. Legends are still rife about the Colonel's expensive revels, and his energetic mother-in-law was always found in the procession. She was made of that stern Revolutionary stuff that declined to be 'counted out.' Only a few yards from the house you will find an abrupt grassy ledge overhanging a cool and seductive little cavern of rocks, which still

THE MICHIGAN FARMER

money and effects of Charles H. Borgman, the
above named defendant, for the sum of one hun-
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